

50
TRESSIUS

Clive McCombe

The Robot Emperor

An entertainment in 5 scenes
for solos, chorus and orchestra

words and music

by

Peter Tranchell

1965

The action takes place on the planet Didanus.

Scene 1. The observation-room and control-centre
in the Imperial Palace.

Scene 2. The river-side esplanade.

Scene 3. The Emperor's apartments.

Scene 4. The subterranean temple of Aplochloch.

Scene 5. The river-side esplanade.

Characters in order of utterance.

Thrixar, chief communications-officer, sent from Abstomahl.

Castino, chief robotician, sent from Abstomahl.

Truth Mark III, Revised, the main computer.

Ladropundit, scientific Plenipotentiary sent from Abstomahl.

Mirriboo, } members of the so-called "élite" of Didanus.
Isbar, }

Greddinimba, the Didan prime-minister.

Frortinkin, his Remembrancer.

Estillia, Lady-secretary of State for the Didan government.

Tormandula, Didan Ministress of the Interior.

Harbalom, Mate of the space-ship. (speaking part)

Vippimo, Second Mate of the space-ship. (speaking part)

Kraspnar, Captain of the space-ship.

Prombin, Adjutant of the space-ship.

Philip Grey, a holiday-maker from Earth.

Setulina, a little girl bearing a gift. (persona muta)

Damaskina, Second in command of the lady-police (speaking part)

Tressius, Priest of Aplochloch (the God of Didanus).

Mo-porth, Priest of Ergol (the God of Abstomahl).

Chorus of: sheep and goats, technicians, police-women,
crew of space-ship, people of Didanus, the élite of Didanus,
and priests of Abstomahl.

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and priests of Abstomahl.

The great prophet of Cygnus III and IV once said: "It is a pleasure and duty to be reminded of what one already knows. That is the justification of conversation". (He was a telepath.) In another place he says: "It is a pleasure and duty to be reminded of what one is about to know. That is the justification of reading." (He was also a precognisant.)

Some of you may have missed the Argument printed on your programmes in linear-beta micro-dots. So I will combine the duties and pleasures (but not the talents) of the great prophet.

Some time ago, the enterprising and ambitious people of the planet Abstomahl made a discovery in the course of their piratical forays into space. They discovered the planet Didanus.

Didanus is the solitary satellite of a sun or star now known to the rest of the Galaxy as part of the constellation "Watering Can". And it is suspected of having a plentiful supply of two mysterious quasi-particles which may be the basis of the whole universe. One quasi-particle is postulated as the ultimate source of all attraction and repulsion. It is called the Philtron. The other has no speed, no mass and no position. It is called the Niltron. Naturally these intrigue both scientists and theologians, though for different reasons.

The rulers of Abstomahl have decided to gain possession of Didanus. They want it as a laboratory for research into anti-matter. That is their great scheme.

The trouble is, there are inhabitants on Didanus, who call themselves Didans.

Well, they could go elsewhere. There is plenty of room in the universe. Indeed, it is rumoured that long ago the Didans came from some other very distant star-system and settled on Didanus like gypsy squatters. Suppose they were asked to give up their planet, - they would doubtless say no, because they had got there first.

All right. It's their own fault for being there. Let them suffer the consequences.

For the rulers of Abstomahl intend to sell the Didan women into slavery, keep the men as a labour-force, and use the children as experimental material, till the normal processes of science

bring about (as they so often do) the final extermination.

But gently, gently.

This cannot be done openly, for fear of the intervention of the Galactic Federation. So the process must be clandestine and imperceptible.

The first task was to reduce the Didan people to a state of barbaric disorganisation and serfdom, so as to allow of a quiet and uneventful take-over.

The Abstomahlans designed a diabolical machine to have the requisite effect on the unfortunate Didans.

But how to get the machine operating amongst them?

This was done five years ago by a careful and audacious plan. The Didan Emperor was secretly assassinated (in public), and the machine, made in his likeness, took his place. It was a very human-looking machine, although in fact a robot.

During the last five years the Didans have been returning to a primitive state with heartening acceleration.

But the robot was only programmed for five years, and now needs replacement.

Let us visit the beautiful and fragrant planet, Didanus, — which is rather like our own world, only not so spoiled, and let our story begin.

Scene I

The observation-room and control-centre in the Imperial Palace on the planet Didanus.

It is mid-morning.

The control-console of the main computer is visible.

Castimo, the chief robotician sent from Abstomahl, is discovered in a trance-like state seated before a part of the computer-console.

Piano introduction for 'Pomposo'. The score is in 4/4 time with a tempo of 63 beats per minute. It features a complex harmonic structure with many accidentals (sharps and flats) and a melodic line in the right hand that is highly chromatic. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Continuation of the piano introduction. The melodic line continues with more chromatic movement, and the accompaniment remains consistent. The key signature changes to B-flat major (two flats).

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Continuation of the piano introduction. The melodic line continues with more chromatic movement, and the accompaniment remains consistent. A 'CURTAIN' marking is present above the staff, indicating a dramatic effect. The key signature changes to B-flat major (two flats).

Deppio movimento (♩ = 126) [The chorus simulate distant flocks of sheep & goats, as if off stage]

Vocal parts for Chorus Tenors (T) and Basses (Bs). The Tenors sing 'Baa baa' and the Basses sing 'Maa aa aa'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats).

Continuation of the vocal parts for Chorus Tenors (T) and Basses (Bs). The Tenors sing 'Baa baa' and the Basses sing 'Maa aa aa'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats).

Handwritten musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are:
Soprano: f baa baa baa baa p baa f baa aa aa
Alto: f Maa maa aa aa p maa f Maa aa aa
Bass: f Aa aa aa aa mf aa aa aa aa aa f Aa aa aa
The piano accompaniment is in the bottom two staves, featuring chords and melodic lines.

Thrixar: (entering hastily) *Note: This and other passages of dialogue are to be spoken in normal speaking voice. The notation gives only an approximate indication of rhythm and inflection.*
Castimo! Castimo! What are you doing?
Castimo: (pettishly) 'Ull-lo! Listening in on His Robotic Majesty's
The piano accompaniment continues with chords and melodic lines.

memory-banks. Any objection?
Come and help me send these sheep and goats a-bout their bus'ness
The piano accompaniment continues with chords and melodic lines.

That's your bus'ness. I'm Robots. You're Communications!
Ladropundit has sent a
The piano accompaniment continues with chords and melodic lines.

message!
Oh-oh!
The piano accompaniment continues with chords and melodic lines.

Thrixar: These animals must be dispersed at once!
Castimo: All right, disperse them! You've had the co-ordinates all the morning!
Thrixar: Then lend a hand.
Castimo: Where are your technicians?

Thrixar: They accidentally looked at Ladropundit.

Castimo: But lower-middles can't look at an upper-upper!

Thrixar: Yes! And Ladropundit noticed! "Sirs", he said,
"The sauce of insolence is beaten with the spoon of retribution".

Castimo: He usually says "The virus of insubordination sharpens the hypodermic of discomfort"!

Thrixar: So they're suffering an hour of deep discredit, ...
Grade 2!

Castimo: Lumme! But better than grade 3!

Thrixar: So lend a hand!

Castimo: All right! Switch on! Pass the co-ordinates!

Thrixar: Animal-scramblers!

L'istesso Tempo

Thrixar: Main transmitter! Wait for the computer!

Computer:

Thrixar: Go ahead!

Computer: Truth Mark three Re-vised. A-waiting in-structions.

Thrixar:

Castimo: Goats! y to the pow'r of mi-nus nought point e-

Ca: Sheep! x to the pow'r of mi-nus se-ven point three re-cur-ring in sectors P. by

T: (CHORUS) mp Baa baa mp w w w Baa

Br: Maa aa aa

Bs: mp Aa aa aa aa

Th: -lev'n in sectors u by v. one three nine to one five o.
 Ca: seven-ty two to nine-ty four. Sheep!
 T: baa baa baa baa baa baa baa baa baa
 Br: ppp Maa aa aa Maa aa aa Maa aa aa Maa aa aa
 Bs: Aa aa aa aa Aa aa aa aa Aa aa aa aa

Th: Goats! keep to the left!
 Ca: keep to the right!
 Comp: Computer: Truth Mark three Re-vised. Message re:ceived.
 T: Baa baa baa
 Br: Maa aa aa
 Bs: Aa aa aa

Th: baa!
 Br: aa!
 Bs: aa!

Thrixar: Fine! I gave them maximum urgency! They'll be off to their tasks at a brisk trot!

Castino: With any luck, there'll be no vegetation left on this over-coloured over-scented planet!

Allegretto (♩=120)
 Thrixar: No more lilies or lilacs!
 Castino: No more cabbages or kale! They'll

Thrixar:

Th: And a good job too! The town's full of purple cin-e-

Ca: eat up the flow'rs in ev'ry ar-e-a!

Th: -ri-a. What- ever the name, it's all the same, the aim of the game's to rid it and

Ca: It's Wis- te-ri-a!

Th: bid it adieu. They'll tuck them away in their in- teri-or.

Ca: And the smell! poo! poo! And the

Th: Now an an- i-mal could scarcely be dumber than the

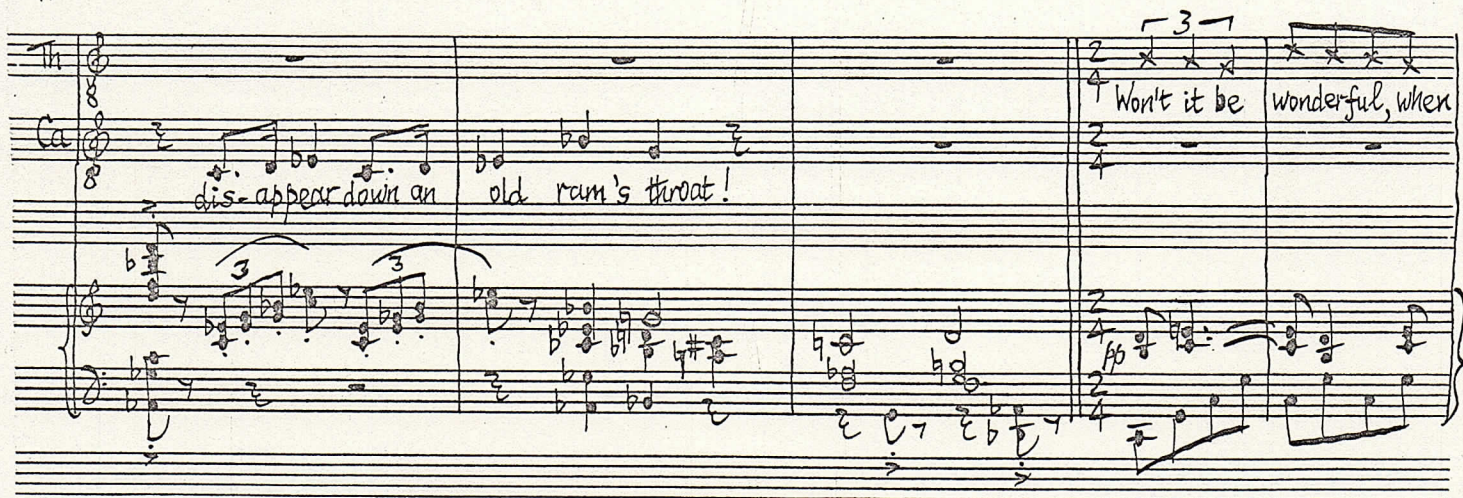
Ca: flow'rs they chew never grows a- new!

Th: thing called a sheep or a goat.

Ca: But oh! to see the last rose of summer

Th 8
Ca 8
dis-appear down an old ram's throat!

Won't it be wonderful, when



Th 8
Ca 8
all the plants have gone, and the air of the planet is clean!

And the Great Scheme can be- gin!

With-



Th 8
Ca 8
-out us wearing nose filters!

Lad-ropundit manages with-out nose filters!

He's an upper-



Th 8
Ca 8
upper!

But even if the place were fit to live in...

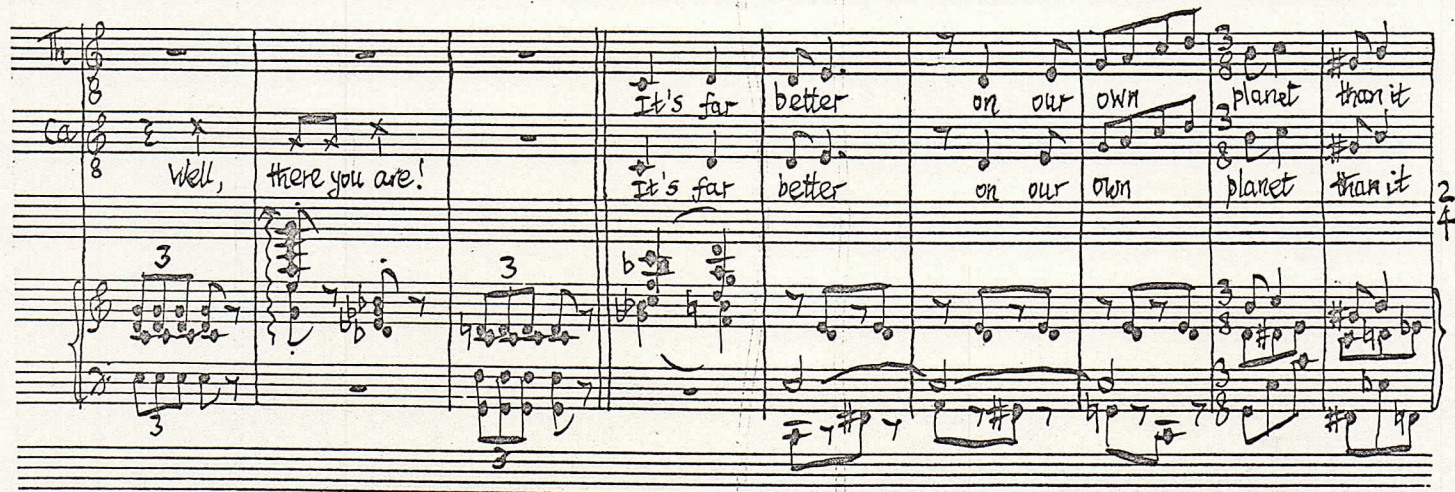
It won't be! Not if the Great Scheme goes ahead!



Th 8
Ca 8
Well, there you are!

It's far better on our own planet than it

It's far better on our own planet than it



Th *is anywhere else far or near. And oh! for the word to proceed on our flight*
 Ca *is anywhere else far or near.*

Th *back! and we'd be all right, Jack!*
 Ca *We'd give a big whoop! But we're still here!*

Th *As for this place, the com- pu- ter can man it! Much better than you!*
 Ca *can it? How un-*

Th *Until it's duller here, which luckily comput-*
 Ca *-kind! there's too much ugly smell and colour here, which luckily comput-*

Th *-ers don't mind! Things called lilies give you the willies!*
 Ca *-ers don't mind! They smell like the*

They're so gawdy! Pink and peach and puce! It's less vexing
 deuce! Lordy, Lordy! It's less vexing

on our own planet than it is anywhere else in the skies. Sen-
 on our own planet than it is anywhere else in the skies.

-sations, you don't need 'em there Nobody wants free-dom there nor d'you miss
 They're illi-cit!

- it! As for pleasure, all the laws of our planet
 If you are wise! all the laws of our planet

ban it! And all mi-no-ri-ties have been sup-
 E-motion cannot get out of hand! have been sup-

Th *-pressed by the Au- thori- ties! so ev'ryone knows just where they stand!*
 Ca *-pressed by the Au- thori- ties! So ev'ryone knows just where they stand!*

Comp *(♩=♩) Computer*
Truth Mark three Re-vised call-ing! All technical Staffs whether in punitive discredit

Comp *not, go to of- ficial meeting in obser- vation camera in two minutes' time. End of message.*

Castimo: Have you thought up your official flattery for Ladropundit?

Thrixar: I thought I'd just say he's indescribable and incredible. What's yours?

Castimo: Mine's wonderful! I'm going to compliment him on importing all these sheep and goats to be fitted up as sensory extensions of your computer!

Thrixar: Look out! Here we go!

[Enter Ladropundit, with subordinate technicians.]

Pomposo (♩=80) *f*

Ladropundit: Sirs! I wish you a good day, to wit, the thirty second of the eighth month last year. An exceptional day.

That is my official wish for you. Now seniors may pay official compliments to me. Thrixar?

Thrixar: Great Ladropundit. We see you brilliantly reflected in your sheep and goats.

Castimo (in an agitated whisper): Hey! That's my idea!

You've brought them from one of our all-i-ances, far a-way in space, and

turned them by radi-o-vet-in-ry sciences into ap-pli-ances! The surgeon has sewn a

neurophone in their cortical zone, permitting the trans-mitting to base of the whole brain-trace! The com-

puter, on which our main re-li-ance is, sorts the tra-ces through, and re-ports to you. In

fact, you've been so wonder-f'lly cle-ver, that the world can be seen at a peep, through the

snout of some poor ewelamb or wether, or the backside of some old sheep!

Ladropundit: Accepted!

Castimo (aside to Thrixar): Thrixar, you stole my idea!

Thrixar (aside to Castimo): Not stole. You gave it to me.

Castimo (aside): I took days to think of it.

Thrixar (aside): A slow-witted waste of time.

Castimo (aside): There wasn't anything else to do.

Ladropundit: Castimo. The wages of delay are paid in the coinage of castigation.

Castimo: Great Ladropundit, you are indescribable.

Ladropundit: Is that all?

Castimo: And incredible.

Ladropundit: Yes?

Castimo: And ... ineffable!

Ladropundit: Accepted, by a narrow margin.

Sirs; Good news from Abstomahl.

Our reports on the progress of our re-primitivisation-programme here have earned us praise.

The Ministers of State are even now in their space-liner on their way to visit us. If they are pleased, we shall reap much Public Gratitude.

Castimo: Public Gratitude!?

Moderato (♩=80) Ladropundit

From Upper-Upper I should be e-le-vated to what is called the supra-cognisant class! And Oh! mighty

Ergol, God of Abstomahl, I vow you a sacrifice of two hundred isolated proteins, if you should

bring my elevation to pass!

Ladropundit: Gratitude is like rain. It starts at a proper height, and works downwards.

Castimo: So far, the rain seems to be horizontal!

Ladropundit: All views depend on your view-point.

Allegretto Tempo Ladropundit:

And I should be entitled to twenty robots, and half a dozen wives of suitable

grade! In truth, mighty Ergol, God of Abstomahle, I vow you a chamber of fully active philotron particles,

if you should make the sacrifice worth being paid! Castimo: What about us? Ladropundit: Some of you may open accounts at a blood-bank,

if the deposit is one you can afford. Some may get a day's exemption from discredit. And Servitors may wear the

Thixar: The Robe of Reward! Castimo: But isn't the material a bit expensive?
The Robe of Reward! The Robe of Reward!

Thrixar:
Th It's immaterial when you adopt the right attitude.
Ca Castimo:
But, ah! I can see I'd have to pawn my wife!
I thought you'd pawn her!

Th -ready! You can't wear robes in Pawn!
Ca So I have! Then I will pawn myself! Oh! Oh! It's a vicious circle, this Pub-

Allegretto
Tenors
Baritone Still it's better on our own planet than it
Basses Still it's better on our own planet than it
CHORUS Still it's better on our own planet than it

T Would be to remain where we are! and we would like to make the
Br Would be to remain where we are! Let us be spaceward bound, to make the
Bs Would be to remain where we are! let us be spaceward bound, and we would like to make the

T place re-sound! Each nose with its fil-ter out! Wine being spilt about! All with a will
Br place re-sound! Each nose with its fil-ter out! Wine being spilt about! All with a will
Bs place re-sound! Each nose with its fil-ter out! Wine being spilt about! All with a will

8 to shout hip! hip hip! hoo- rah!

Br 8 to shout hip! hip hip! hoo- rah!

Bs 8 to shout hip! hip hip! hoo- rah!

[many-voiced maniac laughter
is heard as if from outside.]

[More
laughter]

Ladropundit: laughter! laughter!
(contorted) Look outside, Thrixar!

Molto Moderato

mp

pp

Thrixar: 4

It's the Élite of the city!

Ladropundit: Élite for being the most advanced on the road of re-primitivisation! They should be

mp

pp

Castimo:

[Barking is heard outside]

They seem to be holding a re-hearsal!

barking not laughing!

Dis-graceful!

That's better!

pp

[more laughter]

Isbar: mf

Mirriboo: mf Ogh! Ogh! Ogh!

Chorus in unison: Agh! Agh! Ogh!

mf O'er!

Ladropundit: At least they have lost the

pp

Isbar:

Miniboo: Eeh! Eeh! Hunh! Wah! Ah! The feather'd serpent falls

Chorus: Hunh! Hunh! Eeh! Wah! Ah! the feather'd serpent falls

L: rhythm of that old song!

I: In the sea!

M: in the sea!

Ch: in the sea!

L: *f* *8ve*

Ladropundit: Words!

Castimo: Several words!

Ladropundit: A bad augury! Technicians, return to your duty or discredit.

Thrixar, Castimo, remain! Switch on the computer. Let us re-assure ourselves of the progress into barbarism made by the inhabitants of this intolerable planet! [Exeunt technicians]

(♩=120)

8ve

p

Computer:

Comp: Truth Mark three Re-vised a-waiting in-structions.

L: *Ladropundit:* Issue Report! Summary first!

Comp: Here is Report seventy nine for the last month of the fifth year. Summary.

L: And with despatch!

Handwritten musical score for a scene. The score is written on four systems, each with a vocal line (Comp, Th, Ca) and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are in German and English.

System 1:

- Comp: progress for the current month: None! Com- pari-son with last month
- Th: Thraxar & Castimo: None? None?
- Ca: Ladropundit: None? A-bomi-nation! No progress? (Shouting)

System 2:

- Comp: shows a minus quantity of forty two percent Per-
- Th: Something is wrong! There's a mistake! Castimo: Golly!
- Ca: Ladropundit: That report must not reach Abstomahl.

System 3:

- Comp: -mission to speak The report has been sent! You re-quested report with de-
- Th: Thraxar: f sent?
- Ca: Castimo: f sent?
- Ca: Ladropundit: Speak! f sent?

System 4:

- Comp: -spatch. The report has been de-spatched as requested.

Ladropundit: Thraxar! Silence that machine!

Thraxar: Yes, sir!

Ladropundit: Get the report in script.

Thraxar: Yes, sir!

Ladropundit: And as for the computer The spanner of Authority curbs the cogs of prematurity.

Castimo (aside): Oh-oh!

Ladropundit: Administer five thousand volts to the machine's most sensitive in-put.

Thrixar: Yes, sir!

Castimo: Poor old Truth!

Thrixar: But, sir! The month's lack of progress may be due to the Robot Emperor. He is in the last stage of his programme. Indeed, he is to be replaced today.

Ladropundit: You forget I designed him myself.

No, there is something going on! It's that vile priest of their demon, Aplochloch.

Thrixar: We've searched high and low, sir. But he's hiding somewhere, stirring up trouble with his witchcraft.

Castimo: Sir! Your Robot Emperor would over-ride witch-craft.

Ladropundit: True, Castimo.

Now fetch the native government. And wear your nostril filters. These people still smell of something called "soap", though it is strictly banned.

You may go. [Exeunt Thrixar & Castimo]

Moderato

Ladropundit: For half a dozen wives I should be most grateful, and twenty robots are the least of my

due. Thus, Oh mighty Ergal, God of Absto-mahl, I remind you of my promises, and re-

-spectfully point out that you have much to do, if you're to make my elevation come true!

Thrixar (re-entering): The report, sir!

Castimo (re-entering): The local government, sir!

[Enter Greddinimba, Frortinkin and Estillia]



Greddinimba: Mr Remembrancer, tell me, - who is this?

Frortinkin: I have it written on my cuff, Mr Prime Minister, ... er -
Could it be Tressius, priest of Aplochloch?

Ladropundit: I am Ladropundit, plenipotentiary from Abstomahl.

Greddinimba: Make a note of it, Mr Remembrancer, - but in pencil,
in case we should wish to rub it out.

Well, lady and gentleman, we are met here for some
purpose which momentarily escapes me.

Ladropundit: We are met to discuss a progress report.

Greddinimba: You are not met at all, Mr Plenipotentiary; nor does your
brief extend to telling me what I knew all along.
We will have a moment's pause to allow ~~of~~ this discourtesy
to evaporate.

Castimo (aside to Thrixar): They seem to be developing a resistance to the
Obedience Drug.

Thrixar (aside to Castimo): It never worked properly on the women.
The Ministress of the Interior is late again.

Castimo (aside to Thrixar): Yes; and the Robot Emperor doesn't deteriorate
the women so quickly either.

Greddinimba: We are met, as we can all see. So that suffices.
Any other business?

Frortinkin: The minutes of the last meeting: We haven't counted them.

Estillia: The business concerns the Ministress of the Interior.
She's not here yet.

Greddinimba: Where is she?

Frortinkin: Perhaps she is trying to remember her name.

Greddinimba: I sympathise. I often do that.

Estillia: But if she gets married, she'll take a new name.

Greddinimba: Ah! If...! If only she would! That would solve the problem!

Estillia: She has been unofficially engaged to you for five years.

Greddinimba: To me? Well, well! How these unofficial things do skip one's memory.

Frortinkin: Five years is a long time to remember anything.

Vivace (♩ = 104) Greddinimba:

Gr Last week there came to mind something I had to find, but my poor
 brain declined to say where it was. So there it was! I open'd cupboard doors, and look'd in
 Chests o' draw'rs, and then I had to pause, for my lot it was to think what it was!

Fr Frortinkin: How

Gr But...! What d'you think I found while I hunted round?
 rotten! You'd for- gotten?

Gr You tell me! Just have a try!
 It's a riddle, I'll be bound! No, You tell me! I don't see why!

Well, to be frank, my mind's gone blank! Life's like that! You get a little

Oh dear!

Estillia, Thrixar and Castimo:

thought or i-dea, but don't persevere, (Greddinimba:) Life's like that!

Frortinkin: Life's like that!

Ladropundit: Life's like that! Another matter

Life's like that!

Life's like that!

Life's like that! the former thought'll just dis-appear sheer!

may interfere. Life's like that!

Life's like that

Andante (♩=104)

Estillia:

Thrixar: A flow'r takes time to reach its timeliest hour.

Castimo: A flow'r takes time to reach its timeliest hour.

Greddinimba: A flow'r takes time to reach its timeliest hour.

Frortinkin: A flow'r takes time to reach its timeliest hour.

Ladropundit: A flow'r takes time to reach its timeliest hour.

A flow'r takes time to reach its timeliest hour.

Est But in its very hour of prime, it's Time that takes the flow'r.

Th But in its very hour of prime, it's Time that takes the flow'r.

Ca But in its very hour of prime, it's Time that takes the flow'r.

Gr But in its very hour of prime, it's Time that takes the flow'r.

Fr But in its very hour of prime, it's Time that takes the flow'r.

L But in its very hour of prime, it's Time that takes the flow'r.

But in its very hour of prime, it's Time that takes the flow'r.

Vivace (♩=104)

Frotinkin:

Fr Last week I had a dream on some conventional theme, which I sup-

posed ephem-eral, as the way a dream has, they say. And when the new day broke, the dream was

Fr gone like smoke, my brain was of provok-ingly small avail to re-call the tale. But,

that day could I tell if the day was real, or a dream as well?

Greddinimba:

Gr You tell me! Had some thing a fa-miliar ring? Very economical!

No, You tell me! Not something, but ev'rything!

Est
Th
Ca

8 Greddinimba:

You could live the same day twice and never notice!

Fortinkin: Oh dear!

Ladropundit:

Life's like that!

Life's like that!

Life's like that!

You think you're getting

Est
Th
Ca

8 (Greddinimba:)

up wide awake

That's your mistake!

That's your mistake!

Life's like that!

Life's like that!

Life's like that!

You wake up in the

Es
Th
Ca

8

bed with a shake!

Life's like that!

Life's like that!

Life's like that!

And all the pretty fancies dreams make

break!

break!

break!

break!

Estillia:

Life's like that! and you are right to feel no re-gret.

CHORUS

Life's like that!

Life's like that!

Life's like that!

Life's like that!

TURN OVER QUICKLY

Est: Life's like that! For things are not as bad as they'll get

T: Why be upset? Life's like that!

Br: Why be up-set? Life's like that!

Bs: Why be upset? Life's like that!

T: Life's like that! Can any-thing be worse than we've met yet?

Br: Life's like that! Can any-thing be worse than we've met yet?

Bs: Life's like that! Can any-thing be worse than we've met yet?

[Enter Tormandula]

Greddinimba: Ah! Here is the Ministress! My dear, how is the Interior?

Tormandula: It's this four-legged traffic on the roads.

Frortinkin: The sheep and aligators?

Greddinimba: No, goats or stoats, surely?

Tormandula: Call them what you will. My police-force is sick of them.

Greddinimba: And how are the dear girls?

Tormandula: They've arrested several goats and cross-questioned them. Despite a good deal of dumb-insolence, one of them made an affidavit.

Greddinimba: What? Indoors?

Tormandula: A Mrs. Mar of no fixed abode.

Frortinkin: But she had a fixed name?

Estillia: Fixed.

Tormandula: On being asked several times, she gave her name as "Maa".
When asked to make a statement, she said "Aah".
When asked if she had any home-address, she said "Naa".
When asked where she had been all day, she said "Baa".

So we charged her under the drunken vagrancy Act.

Greddinimba: Fine work, Tormandula! Congratulate the girls!

Estillia: I take it, the other thirty thousand got away!

Frortinkin: One into thirty thousand goes approximately thirty thousand, - which is a pretty good average!

Greddinimba: Our police-girls are wonderful! Most creditable!

Tormandula: You have said it!

Con Moto (♩ = 100) Tormandula:

Greddinimba: Yes! You have said it! Give 'em credit! credit is only fair! Give 'em a task to

Have I? mp

die or dare for, none of them ask a why or wherefore! You can witness to their fitness out in the wholesome

air and sun! Ah! And when they've made their last arrest, and the pris'ner

has confessed, Then with pride we can attest that

Tor 8 They're the cleverest force we have, of course, we've no other one!

Ladropundit: Madam, the current progress-report concerns you and your lady-police-force.

Tormandula: Then shoot the bird of time with the arrow of immediacy!

Lento Comodo. (♩=50)

Gr Ladropundit: Last month the figures for progressive action gave satisfaction. But this month's figures of Killing, Greddinimba: How de-lightful!

Chorus (bouche fermée) sostenuto pp Mm

Gr Ladropundit: of violence, of theft and all such forms of self-expression, show retrogression! Greddinimba: Delightful! I mean, frightful!

Inde-fensible! *How*

Jokes are suspected, for laughter was detected! And buyings and sellings and re-pairing of dwellings!

sensible! I mean repre-hensible! Inauspicious!

There was no more burning of books of learning! And

Delicious! I mean pernicious!

Just for the looking, there were signs of cooking! Plants and flows give indication

Gr *Herb-aceous!*
 L *of renewed cultivation!* *A long abandoned place of public sanitation shows evidence*
 T
 Br
 Bs
 Piano

Gr *Effi-cacious! I mean Good Gracious!* *Writing?*
 L *of re-utilisation!* *But worst of all, there is writing on the wall!*
 T *mf*
 Br *mf*
 Bs *mf*
 Piano

Un Poco Più Mosso
 Gr *How exciting!* *Worth reciting?* *No.*
 Estillia *f* *suspicious!* *cap-ricious! malicious!* *CHORUS* *surreptitious, seditious and vicious!*
 Castimo *f* *suspicious!* *cap-ricious! malicious!* *surreptitious, seditious and vicious!*
 Tortardula *f* *suspicious!* *cap-ricious! malicious!* *surreptitious, seditious and vicious!*
 Thorixar *f* *suspicious!* *cap-ricious! malicious!* *surreptitious, seditious and vicious!*
 Frortinkin *f* *suspicious!* *cap-ricious! malicious!* *surreptitious, seditious and vicious!*
 Ladropundit *f* *suspicious!* *cap-ricious! malicious!* *surreptitious, seditious and vicious!*
 Piano *sfz*

Tormandula: We must give this matter urgent consideration.

Greddinimba: Let us call a cabinet meeting.

Frortinkin: What should we call it?

Estillia: Name a day.

Frortinkin: I've forgotten the names of days, and I've lost my list.

Greddinimba: Let us call for a full report.

Ladropundit: It is here.

Greddinimba: We haven't called for it yet.

Frortinkin: Is it in writing?

Ladropundit: Naturally.

Greddinimba: A forward-looking government should discountenance writing.

Frortinkin: There are unwritten laws.. What about an unwritten report?

Castimo (aside to Thrixar): If these people keep on reversing their evolution, they'll come face to face with the First Cause!

Thrixar (aside to Castimo): Don't worry! The First Cause will run away when it sees them coming!

Tormandula: Let's entrust it to my girls. They'll have the situation on an even keel in half a jiffy.

Greddinimba: Then we appoint the whole police-force as a subcommittee.

Frortinkin: With power to co-opt.

[P.T.O. quickly]

Tormandula:

Tor 8
Only let a malefactor do an act and he'll attract attention from my troop, and

Tor 8
they will swoop! If he tries to run away and have his fun another day, they'll catch him by and by, and

Tor 8
then, oh my! I recall a man who meant to plant a little flow'r. My girls made him soon repent, he

Tor 8
left the station slightly bent, and after they had only spent a quarter of an hour!

Tor 8
People who do something wrong learn to sing a different song, and it doesn't take so long when they're in the soup, and my

Tor 8
troop puts them through the hoop good and strong!

(Tormadula:)

CHORUS

Tenors

Baritone

Basses

They sing in his ear with a loud shrill voice!

(falsetto) *mf* Tra

(falsetto) *mf* Tra

(falsetto) *mf* Tra

It's something to hear, for the notes are choice.

la tra la tra la!

la tra la tra la!

la tra la tra la!

la tra la tra la!

la tra la tra la!

(falsetto) Tra

(falsetto) Tra

(falsetto) Tra

(falsetto) Tra

dolce

With obstinate cases or ones that give sauce, they pull fightful

la tra la tra la

la tra la tra la

la tra la tra la

la tra la tra la

faces, their own, of course!

They belt him with snuff till his tolerance fails, and if

(falsetto) Tra la tra la!

(falsetto) Tra la tra la!

(falsetto) Tra la tra la!

(falsetto) Tra la tra la!

Tor 8 that's not e-nough then they feed him raw snails

T 8 (falsetto) Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Br 8 (falsetto) Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Bs 8 (falsetto) Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Tor 8 And when they are done he is ready to do

T 8 la! (falsetto) Tra la tra la tra la!

Br 8 la! (falsetto) Tra la tra la tra la!

Bs 8 la! (falsetto) Tra la tra la tra la!

Tor 8 a good honest theft or a murder or two

T 8 (falsetto) Tra la tra la tra la!

Br 8 (falsetto) Tra la tra la tra la!

Bs 8 (falsetto) Tra la tra la tra la!

Allegro con brio

Tor 8 My girls are a good selection. You will need to buy protection, and if you do not, you may get shot!

But if you should wish to buy us, just be careful how you try us! We know what you've got! We'll take the lot!

I remember one old sage did not declare his books! We put him inside a cage, and when his hunger reached a stage, we

made him eat up ev'ry page! The edition was de-luxe! People play another tune,

And they learn it very soon; often in one afternoon they find out what course brings re-morse!

Ours is not a force to im-pugn! So be proud of

what a crowd of pretty young girls can do! Muscles of steel and hearts of granite, give 'em the wheel to

Tor steer the planet!

T un-de-niably they're re-liably willing to fight for you!

Br un-de-niably they're re-liably willing to fight for you!

Bs un-de-niably they're re-liably willing to fight for you!

It's fun!

Tor And when the situ-ation mends, And their tour of duty ends, You can count on

T Ah!

Br Ah!

Bs Ah!

Tor them as friends, for they're the ducki-est Force we have, of

T for they're the ducki-est Force we have, of

Br for they're the ducki-est Force we have, of

Bs for they're the ducki-est Force we have, of

(d=120) Computer:

Tor course, we've no other one!

T course, we've no other one!

Br course, we've no other one!

Bs course we've no other one!

Truth Mark three re-

p subito

Comp $\frac{8}{8}$ -vised call-ing. The sun will be ec-lipsed by the two moons simul-taneously in pre-cisely forty minutes. Imperial cere-moni-al should be-in five minutes from now. End of message.

Ladropundit: Castimo! Fetch the Emperor and escort him to the barge!

Castimo: He can't walk any more, sir!

Ladropundit: Then use your intelligence and a wheel-barrow!

Estillia: It's the Lustration of the Emperor! We must go!

Greddinimba: Tormandula, will you parade your girls on the river-bank?

Tormandula: As usual. Be careful how you get pushed in!

Estillia: Only the Emperor enters the water today.

Thrixar (aside): That's a matter of opinion!

Allegro con brio Tormandula: 2 27
Tor $\frac{8}{8}$ Lead on, Prime-Minister
T $\frac{8}{8}$
Br $\frac{8}{8}$ CHORUS f We must go to see the show; the Emperor says good-
Bs $\frac{8}{8}$ f We must go to see the show; the Emperor says good-
 f We must go to see the show; the Emperor says good-

Greddinimba:

Gr
Tr
T
Br
Bs

-bye. When he's aboard the vessel, it will carry him toward the blessed ritual!

See the populace!
troutin: On the Acropolis!

(CHORUS)

T
Br
Bs

watching him in the dy- -ing sun! Soon (p) the twilight will be hushed and dim,
watching him in the dy- -ing sun! soon
watching him in the dy- -ing sun! soon

T
Br
Bs

and the people sing a hymn, while the Emp'ror has a swim! Ah!
p. and the people sing a hymn, while the Emp'ror has a swim! Ah!
p. while the Emp'ror has a swim! Ah!

T
Br
Bs

There's no Emperor swims so well, of course, we've no
There's no Emperor swims so well, of course, we've no
There's no Emperor swims so well, of course, we've no

o- - - ther
o- - - ther
o- - - ther

one! one! one!

Computer:

p subito

Truth Mark three re-vised. Urgent message! Spaceship bearing re-

-placement Robot Emperor observed landing in difficulties! Well, nobody heard that!

I think I'll switch myself into the Imperial memory banks. May-be I will learn what to do

with a little gift of five thousand volts which I'm keeping for Ladropundit

sfz

End of Scene I

[Attacca scene 2]

Scene II

The river-side esplanade. (The river and the esplanade run through park-land beside the city. Across the water may be seen the skeleton of a dead forest in which, here and there, tall ruined buildings rise up.)

Visible, at one side, is the base of a recently-landed space-ship. The ship shows signs of damage. The entry-port is open, its door hanging askew in two parts, the lower conveniently forming a ramp from the port to the ground.

On the ground, lying unconscious, are discovered Harbalom and Vippimo. In a near-by tree is discovered Kraspnar, the Captain, also unconscious.



43 (♩=120) 43

Con moto
agitato

strepitoso

Harbalom (sitting up): Well, we've landed. My! That was a close shave!
Hey! Vippimo! We're here!

Vippimo (sitting up): Is that you, Harbalom? My head is splitting.

Harbalom: Then keep your hat on!

Vippimo: That control-room bubble-ejector works far too well.

Harbalom: Thank your lucky stars.

Vippimo: How can I, if they won't keep still?

Harbalom: Hey! Where's the captain? (shouting!) Captain!
Captain! Are you all right?

Captain: Help! Help!

Vippimo: He's up that holly-tree!

Captain: You two! Help me down!

Vippimo: You do it, Harbalom. I can't stand heights!

Harbalom: Coming, captain! Keep still!

Captain: I'm sitting in a bird's nest! It's full of fledglings!

Vippimo: Well, keep your mouth shut, or you'll get a worm in it!

Harbalom: Here!... Put your foot on my insignia!....
That's better!... Ouch!

Captain (descending from tree, and falling heavily onto his knees
so as to come face to face with the still-recumbent Vippimo):

I'm down! Stand up, Vippimo!

Vippimo After you, captain!

Captain: Now, you two, - we've only got minutes to spare.

[Enter Prombin, the adjutant, from the ship.]

Prombin: I have released the crew from their emergency-capsules, captain.

Captain: Well-done, Prombin! Parade them here, and we'll see who's hurt. Tell them to wear their nose-filters.

Prombin: Aye-aye, captain! [Prombin goes into the ship.]

Captain: Harbalom, Vippimo, go to the after-hold. Unpack the robot, activate him, and bring him out.

Harbalom: } Aye-aye, captain. [Harbalom & Vippimo enter the ship.]
Vippimo: }

Captain (to himself aloud): Of all the damnable luck! To emerge from subspace into a meteorite-storm! And just when we're on a special mission! It's a miracle we got down.

[Enter Prombin and the Crew from the ship.]

Captain: Everyone here, Prombin?

Prombin: All present and correct, Captain.

Captain: Anyone lost a limb, hold it up!

Good! No one! Now listen carefully.

If anything goes wrong with our mission, we pay for it dearly. The extreme payment!

Your orders are in these papers. Prombin, hand them out!

Prombin: Aye-aye, captain!

Captain: When I say "zero", you all act on them.

Crew: Aye-aye, captain!

Captain: You have heard of the great Scheme for the advancement of extra-terrestrial education, learning, religion and research. Stage one of the scheme is the liberation of this planet from the incubus of its inhabitants!

[Philip Grey appears in the door of the space-ship. He listens to the following, but is not seen by the Abstomahians till he speaks.]

Captain: *Caprain:*
You ask me why. Well, there are many reasons. First, they have two moons, and

we have not a single one. They call us pirates and slavers. That's not courteous! And

many times to make our race look stupid, They've won the prize in the inter-planetary

Piu Mosso (♩ = 132)

thinking-tournament! (Tensors & Baritones)
CHORUS (Basses) Oh, a man who makes you envy him will soon be under a
leggiere
leggiere

Tempo Primo

curse, but a planet full of clever people makes it rather worse. Captain: You ask me how. The
poco allarg tempo

answers very simple. We designed a machine to emit digamma radiation.

Capt And this ray dislocates their mental associations and permeates their whole genetic structure. Thus, step by

Capt step, they re-trace their evolution!

Piu Mosso

CHORUS Oh, a man whomakes you envy him can

Bs

Capt

Tr only be perverse, so it serves him right if his evolution's put into re-verse!

Bs

And now you ask: how

mf do we?

mf

Tempo Primo

Captain:

Capt Could the machine be in-stalled here? Well, ev'ry five years, both moons eclipse the sun to-gether.

Tr

Bs

How?

Capt And during the ec-lipse, the Didans hold a ceremony, in which the Emp'ror takes a ritual bathe.

CHORUS (unison) Sensible! Promix: (♩=♩)

Capt This was the chance, and nat'rally we took it! mf the Emperor went bathing, and

never again was seen! Our under-water agents made the job quick and clean! When the waters parted,

there upon the scene, rose up in all his glory our digamma-ray machine!

Captain: (spoken)

In fact, a Robot! And this robot was modelled on a life-size statue of the Emperor! It looked like him! So

Prombin: (d=d) We told the local big-wigs, once we had got en-quiet. They nobody sus-pected!

had obedience drug slipped into their daily diet. They have no idea of their eventual fate, and

no-one must discover un-til it is all too late! CHORUS Oh! don't tell people anything to which they'd be a-

-verse! A doctor reserves his di-agnosis till the patient's worse! Captain: ma meno mosso (d=7) But that machine had

Capt only a five year programme. We've brought the replacement, to be delivered as before.

Capt At any moment the Robot will be ready. Then we disperse to take up action stations.

Poco Allarg Tempo

Capt so there we are! Now kindly read your orders! Is everything understood?

Philip Grey: Indeed it is! And most interesting!

Crew (in astonishment): The Robot!

Captain: By great Ergol! Who are you?

P. Grey: Give you twenty guesses!

Prombin: A Didan agent!

P. Grey: Wrong!

Captain: A galactic spy!

P. Grey: Wrong!

Captain: Seize him!

P. Grey: Wrong! That's three!

Captain: I said, seize him!

P. Grey: Don't worry! That's still wrong!

Captain: Young man, explain yourself.

P. Grey: I will imagine you said "please".

[P.T.O. quickly]

Philip Grey:

P.G. *The place of my birth is a planet called Earth, out there some way as the crow flies. I went*

P.G. *in for a lottery. Wallop! I got a re-markably handsome first prize of re-markably generous size!*

Prombin: But first prizes are reserved for upper-uppers.

Captain: Surely it was a second prize?

P.Grey: No; but I should have been better off with the second prize, or even the third.

Prombin: D'you mean the second prize was better than the first?

P.Grey: Well, the second prize was a week's holiday in Manchester.

Captain: Then what was the third?

P.Grey: A fortnight's holiday in Manchester.

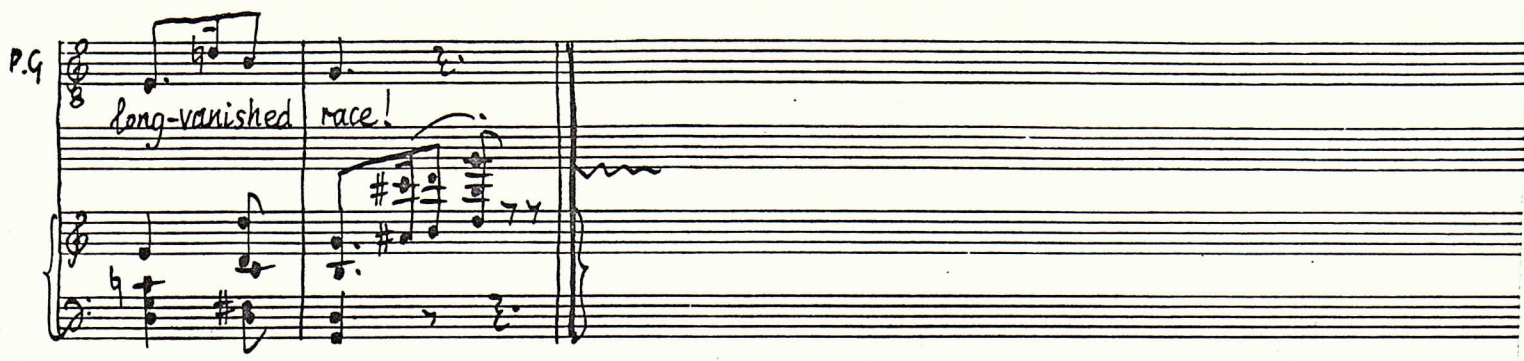
L'istesso Tempo

Philip Grey:

P.G. *The prize that I won included the fun of a sightseeing trip into space. First the*

P.G. *ship went to Mars, where we sampled the bars, and then Venus, where you can still trace the re-mains of a*

V.5.



Prombin: Was there anything worth salvaging?

P.Grey: No. Just ruins of temples, time-machines, and teleport-machines.

Captain: Teleport-machines?

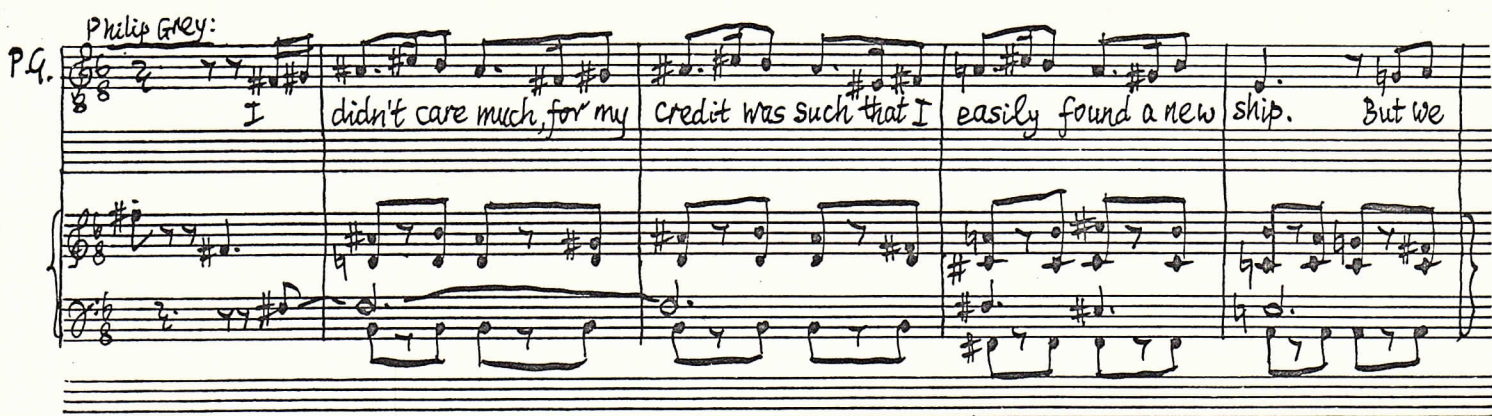
P.Grey: Yes; I found a quite well-preserved specimen. It reminded me of some of the combechs we have on Earth.

Prombin: Was it working?

P.Grey: I never found out. A mist came down; before I could reach the space-port, my ship lifted without me!

Captain: You were stranded!

L'istesso Tempo



Captain: Pirates, you say?

P.Grey: Yes! Now, who would have expected them in our Solar-System?

Captain: Yours? Enterprising people get everywhere!

P.Grey: Well, we'd gone into subspace to escape, and when we later surfaced back into normal space, ...

[P.T.O. quickly]

1.4 We found we were far from any known star. But we came to a planet with air. We'd got

1.4 down only just, when the main drive went bust, so our ship would need lengthy re-pair, which meant

1.4 ages of waiting right there. I was filled with dismay at the thought of delay, so I

1.4 looked for a ship loading stores. I entered unseen, through the loading machine, and the

1.4 ship has turned out to be yours! Your number one hold was terribly cold, but a cold room is better than

1.4 none. So here I am now, and you all have heard how, and that means my explaining is done. But my

P.G.

Captain (sharply): And it won't! You know too much!

[Enter Harbalom and Vippimo from the ship, in great agitation.]

Harbalom: Captain! Captain! Terrible news!

Vippimo: Ghastly!

Captain: The Robot!?

Harbalom: He's damaged!

Vippimo: He'll need mending!

Captain: How long will it take?

Harbalom: Two weeks!

Vippimo: Nearer fourteen days!

[Vippimo sees Philip Grey.]

Holy Ergol! Aaah! [he faints]

Harbalom: Why's he fainted? [he also sees Philip Grey]

Oh-oo! [he also faints]

Captain: They've both fainted! Prombin, bring 'em round!

Prombin: Aye-aye, captain!

P. Grey: I suppose I take a bit of getting used to.

Harbalom (recovering): Where am I?

Prombin: In heaven, of course!

Harbalom: Are you an angel?

Prombin: No, just ground-staff.

Vippimo (recovering): But he's there!!

Harbalom: Captain! How did you manage it?!

Captain: What?

Harbalom: Get him out here?!

Captain: He came out by himself!

Vippimo: He couldn't! His legs had come off!

Harbalom } Aaah! [They both faint again]
Vippimo }

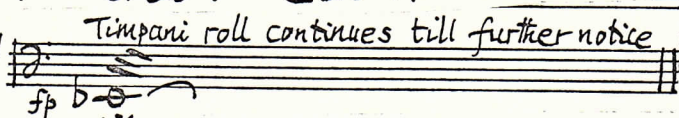
P. Grey: They've both fainted again! It's not very complimentary!



Captain: There's the ceremonial beginning! No time to lose!

Do the best we can! Crew! Zero!!

Crew: Aye-aye, captain!



Captain: As for you, young man, you will be killed!

Harbalom (recovering): Captain! Don't you realise? [Exeunt crew]

Captain: No, I don't.

Harbalom: Look at him!

Captain: I've done that quite enough!

Vippimo (also recovering): He's the Robot!

Captain: No he isn't! He's a spy we've captured.

Harbalom: He looks like the Robot!

Vippimo: The spit and image!



Captain: Holy Ergol! That's an idea! ... Prombin! Your hypodermic!

Prombin: Here, captain! Fully primed!

P. Grey: What are you doing?!

Captain (advancing on Grey): You'll see!

P. Grey: No, no!

Ouch!

That hurts!



Captain: Obedience drug! Full strength!

P. Grey: Oh, that! I was inoculated against that before I left home.

P.G. *Philip Grey: (spoken)*

Captain: (spoken) *What!?*

[voce senza misura] Now, listen to me! You are going to act as Robot Emperor!

Animato Misterioso (♩=100)

P.G. *Then what?*

Capt *For two or three weeks!* *You take yourself on a long journey!*

P.G. *Suicide?! I've never done that before!*

Capt *Once will be enough!*

Pr *Prombin: (spoken) Here's the anti-vegetation-*

P.G. *What for?*

Capt *We'll tell you as we go!*

Pr *- capsule! He'll need it at the investiture!*

Capt *Get him away to the pool! There's no time to lose!*

[Exeunt all hurriedly]

[End of timpani and drum obligato]

[Poco Rit] *Grandioso. Molto meno Mosso (d=66)*

CHORUS

ff Ah! Lord and Mas-ter, love and light!

ff Ah! Lord and Mas-ter, love and light!

ff Ah! Lord and Mas-ter, love and light!

mp

All-seeing and all-know-ing

la la la la la la la la

Poco Rit

la la la la la la la la

[Enter Greddinimba, Frortinkin, Estillia and Tormandula.]

Ladropundit: Thank goodness they've forgotten the words. Next time they'll have lost the tune.

Greddinimba: Well, the Emperor's gone off on his barge. Now I suppose he'll come back somewhat different.

Tormandula: Wetter, perhaps.

Frortinkin: I say! There have been changes on the esplanade!

Greddinimba: I certainly don't recall that tin summer-house.

Frortinkin: It's very large for a summer-house.

Estillia: It looks to me like a space-ship.

Tormandula: Well, some-one has started to dismantle it.

Greddinimba: And quite right too!

Frortinkin: And they've scorched all the grass.

Greddinimba: A sensible precaution!

Moderato (♩ = 72)

CHORUS

p The moons are parting! The ec-lipse is done!

mp The battle's won! We

f Holy fire upon the hearth of heav-en burning!

f greet the sun! *f* Holy fire upon the hearth of heav-en burning!

f Holy fire upon the hearth of heav-en burning! *p* New

mp The mighty fighter gets ever brighter!

day is starting! The sky is lighter!

T 8 Here along the river comes the barge returning! mp Make way! A path for the

Br 8 Here along the river comes the barge returning! mp glittering in the sunshine! Smooth on the

Bs 8 Here along the river comes the barge returning! mp He's coming! He's coming!

T 8 Emperor! Ah, Here he is at last! Now they're tying up!

Br 8 water! Here he is! Here he is! Ah, Here he is, the Emperor! mp Stand back!

Bs 8 They're drawing along side! f Wel - come home, our Lord! mp How dazzling and

T 8 Oh what a picture! All hail! Oh! Hail!

Br 8 Here he comes! All hail! Oh! Hail!

Bs 8 bright! How regal he looks! f see! he steps a-shore!

[The barge appears, bearing Philip Grey now wearing Imperial Regalia. He is attended by a retinue which includes the Captain of the Space-ship. They come ashore.]

T 8 In the name of Ap-loch-loch, long live the Emperor! Poco Rit Meno Mosso

Br 8 In the name of Ap-loch-loch, long live the Emperor!

Bs 8 In the name of Ap-loch-loch, cheers and shouts

tutti Unison Lord and Mas - ter,

Tutti *love and light,* *all- - - seeing and all- know - - - ing,*

Tutti *From thy dark- - ness and di- sas- - ter, gifts of life a-new be-*

Tenors and Baritone:
Basses: High in the sky thou reign- - est a-gain:
- stow - - - ing;

Moons may bor-row of thy light; *Thy e-ter- - - nal*

might vas- - ter and thy love more bright!

8ve b

Greddinimba: Welcome, your Majesty. Welcome home in the name of Aplochloch.

P. Grey (aside to Captain): Aplochloch?

Captain (aside to Grey): The false god whom they worship.

Greddinimba: Where is the gift-bearer?

Frortinkin: I have the name on my cuff! ... Ladropundit?

Greddinimba: Certainly not! Look again.

Captain (aside to Grey): You will now be offered a gift. Break your capsule, and destroy the gift and its bearer. That is to be the new tradition.

Frortinkin: It is the little girl, Setulina.

Greddinimba: Come forward, Setulina, and give your gift.

[Setulina advances to Philip Grey carrying a posy of flowers.]

Ladropundit: She's carrying flowers! That is strictly prohibited.

P. Grey: What lovely flowers! Are they for me, Setulina?

Captain (aside to Grey): The capsule! The capsule!

P. Grey (aside to Captain): It's gone through the lining of my pocket.

(aloud to Setulina): Thank you, Setulina! [He takes and smells the flowers]

(sneezing): Atishoo! Atishoo! Atishoo!

Didans: The Emperor sneezes! He sneezes!

Greddinimba: Gracious! This ritual goes back centuries!

Ladropundit: The new robot is most subtly programmed.

Castimo: He looks somewhat different from the previous one!

Ladropundit: To avoid confusion.

Greddinimba: Now the ritual ode.

Frortinkin: Where are the Élite?

Greddinimba: Tormandula!

Tormandula: Yes, Mr. Prime-Minister?

V.S.

Tormandula:

Greddinimba:

Have we got the ritual chorus? They were lying in the street. Can you round them

Captain:

They are ready on their feet! up before us? Now you must forbid their singing.

P. Grey:

Why should I refuse a treat? Well, do your worst! I am going to hear the singing first!

Captain:

You'll regret this!

Isbar:

Mirriboo:

Two moons meet a-- cross the skies! Flying snake and Man who cries!

Tenors & Baritone:

CHORUS

Ah, the feather'd serpent falls

Basses:

Isbar:

Mirriboo:

On our boat we safely bring... Seeds of fire and water-spring!

in the sea! Cast our

Br 8 Mother's bones up and down the sea! Ev'ry stone be- comes a vis-i-tor. They stand up or
Bs 8

Miriboo: Let the flows in

Br 8 creep or crawl. Don't ask is it he or is it her? Leave them all where they fall!

Bs 8

Isbar: Fill the cup of crimson wine! garland twine!

CHORUS Give and take the kiss of E-ter-ni-ty!

P. Grey: Ladropundit: Quite a bit of old folk-lore!

They've remembered far too clearly!

P. Grey: Captain: You have told me that before! Greddinimba: They have sung the older

Capt: You will pay for this most dearly!

P. Grey: Surely there must be some more! I'll hear it first! Let them sing again un-
Gr 8 version!

Captain: You'll regret this!

PC: 8 -til they burst!

CHORUS

f La la la!

f La la la!

f La la la!

Take the mountains, pile them high! Make the ground point to the sky!

Isbar:

Mirriboo:

See the dragon-chariot sail!

Far a-way are beck-ning starry crowds!

Far a-way are beck-ning starry crowds!

Far a-way are beck-ning starry crowds!

Isbar:

Roaring jaws and flaming tail!

Worlds are there to greet us a-bove the clouds!

Worlds are there to greet us a-bove the clouds!

Worlds are there to greet us a-bove the clouds!

Isbar:

Didans say good-bye to Didanus.

Mirriboo

Take your children, take your old!

CHORUS

Time's great oak tree will be guiding us.

Time's great oak tree will be guiding us.

Time's great oak tree will be guiding us.

(marcato)

What's foretold will unfold! new flow'rs! garland twine! new cups!
 What's foretold will unfold! new flow'rs! garland twine! new cups!
 What's foretold will unfold! There new flow'rs in garland twine! There new cups bear
 crimson wine! There, oh there will we seal the kiss of E-ter-ni-ty, E-ter-ni-ty!
 crimson wine! There, oh there will we seal the kiss of E-ter-ni-ty, E-ter-ni-ty!
 crimson wine! There we seal the kiss of E-ter-ni-ty, E-ter-ni-ty!

Greddinimba: Your Majesty, may we conduct you to the palace to receive our oaths of allegiance?

P. Grey: And this young lady too?

Greddinimba: Estillia? That's your Secretary of State.

P. Grey: Fine! Then lead on.

Didans: Long live the Emperor!

Ladropundit: For another five years.

Captain: Much less!

P. Grey: My people, I thank you in the name of Aplochloch.

Modesto Poco Rit. Meno Mosso

CHORUS

In the name of Aplochloch! Long live the Emperor!
 In the name of Aplochloch! Long live the Emperor!
 In the name of Aplochloch! Long live the Emperor! cheers and shouts
 Thy e-ter-nal
 Thy e-ter-nal
 Thy e-ter-nal

Rit

asi
tempo

Handwritten musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "might is vas - - ter and thy love more bright!" and "might is vas - - ter and thy love more bright!". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

End of Scene II

The Robot Emperor

Scene III

The Emperor's Apartments, some
days later.

Estillia enters to discover Tormandula.



Estillia: Tormandula! What are you doing in the Emperor's private apartments?!

Tormandula: Acting suspiciously!

Estillia: You are!

Tormandula: Then why ask?! I am suspicious!

Estillia: Suspicious?!

Tormandula: Ever since "eclipse day".

Estillia (guiltily): You mean, — you noticed?

Tormandula: I did indeed!

Estillia: But how did I give myself away?

Tormandula: You?! I meant him!

Estillia: Him?!

Tormandula: The new Emperor.

Estillia: Did he give himself away?

Tormandula: There was something going on right from the start!

Estillia: Then you sensed it too? — how instantly attractive he is!

Tormandula: Attractive?!

Estillia: Tormandula, have you heard of love at first sight?

Tormandula: As a fiancée of five years' standing — (standing about and waiting!) — I can think of nothing else! I deeply regret that first sight!

Estillia: But of course he's a robot.

Tormandula: No he isn't. He's the Prime-Minister.

Estillia: I mean, the robot's a robot.

Tormandula: I only hope so!

Estillia: But it's wrong to fall in love with a robot.

Tormandula: Not wrong. Just plain stupid!

Andantino
Estillia:

If I should grace a little place in his mem'ry banks,
 I'd say many thanks!

Tommandula:
 That would do no

Handwritten musical score for the song "If like a friend he'd condescend to call me sweet, I'd kiss his feet!". The score is written on a single system with three staves. The top staff is for the vocal melody, the middle staff is for the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is for the bass line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The music is in 3/4 time and features a variety of chords and melodic lines. The score is handwritten in ink on aged paper.

Lyrics: If like a friend he'd condescend to call me sweet, I'd kiss his feet!

Well, he won't touch

Handwritten musical score for the song "If He's Got Wooden Feet". The score is written on four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Lyrics:

If he's got wooden feet, I should! He'll look my way. It's what I pray. I know what I'll say.

Instrumental:

Wood!

Handwritten musical score for "The Ballad of the Flag". The score is written on five systems of staves. The first system includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The lyrics "And if he'd give in, and I could win, I'd aim for a start right at his heart! Whee!" are written below the first staff. The second system includes the lyrics "You'll be misunderstood!". The third system includes the lyrics "You'll be misunderstood!". The fourth system includes the lyrics "You'll be misunderstood!". The fifth system includes the lyrics "You'll be misunderstood!". The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

[illegible]

Tormandula: My girl's have searched the Emperor's night-quarters!

Estillia: His night-quarters?!

Tormandula: They've been through all his drawers!

Estillia: How ubiquitous!

Tormandula: What d'you think they found?

Estillia: The Emperor?

Tormandula: No. This little capsule.

Estillia: Is it dangerous?

Tormandula: Not unless you break it. Then it makes a directional blast, and annihilates something.

Estillia: How d'you know?

Tormandula: We made these in Police School, when I was a girl.

Estillia: But what would a robot want with a capsule?

Tormandula: That's one question. Here's another: Is he a robot?

Estillia: Well, isn't he?

Tormandula: We shall find out.

Estillia: How?

Tormandula: I've got the palace rigged up with a special device, a Homometer.

Estillia: What does that do?

Tormandula: When a robot acts like a human, it sounds an alarm.

Estillia: What if a human acts like a robot?

Tormandula: It emits a bar of chocolate.

Estillia: Are you sure it'll work?

Tormandula: Just let him try something!

Estillia: I hope he will.

Tormandula: I'll be ready for him!

Estillia: So shall I.

Estrella:

Tormandula:
He may be too
If he should make some small mistake, as people do, then he is through!

Wise!
An aitch can drop, a glottal stop, can give away, and he will pay!
Might be a pro-grammed dis-

-guise!
Then you take a look at his eyes! Ma-chines are not... well, you know what! If he tries it's his lot!

What d'you mean, if he tries?
Well, if he so much as tries to touch or cuddle or kiss,

One little bang and we've lost a misguided impostor!
he will get this! Whee! Boom! One little bang and we've lost a misguided impostor!

Tormandula: I'll be off to headquarters. Got to investigate some sickening crimes of rectitude. So baffling, when there's no possible motive!

Con Moto Tormandula:

My Brigade has made a raid, and now they are having fun doing their best to

grill the prisoners, so they confess their filthy bus'ness. There's no peace for my police un-til the invest-i-

-ga-tion's done! Ah!

Tormandula: But worst of all,
Mrs Mar has broken parole!
Estillia: How?!

Tormandula: She's given birth to octuplets!

Estillia: Goodness!

Tormandula: We're charging her under the Anti-Litter Act.

Estillia:

Ah! You're the busiest force we have, of course, we've no other

one! one! Goodbye! [Exit Tormandula]



Philip Grey: Lovely mornings we have on this world, Estillia.

Estillia: This is an afternoon.

P. Grey: Oh well, it's a morning to me.

Estillia: You've been sleeping?

P. Grey: Sleeping to you; recharging activator particles, to me.

Estillia: Your predecessor never slept. He used to sit all night on the roof. He said he was thinking messages to his people.

P. Grey: No wonder he wore out in only five years. - I was up late myself.

Estillia: Sending messages?

P. Grey: No; receiving memories.

Estillia: From the Imperial memory-banks?

P. Grey: Yes. Enthralling! I was able to check up on something.

Estillia: Indeed?

P. Grey: See that alcove in the wall. It's shape reminded me very strongly of an old ruin I saw on Venus.

Estillia: Venus? Weren't you made on Abstomahl?

P. Grey: Well, mm! I went to Venus for a trial run. However; to work!

Estillia: You were talking of that alcove.

P. Grey: State-business comes first. What news of yesterday's ordinances and decrees?

Estillia: The introduction of a word-voucher system of currency is approved. But Ladropundit will be after your blood.

P. Grey: Blood to you; ambient fluid, to me. He has been looking at me oddly. Not exactly contempt, but not quite respect.

V.S.

Allegretto Estilica:

Est. 8 P.G. 8

P. Grey: If looks could kill...! Your days'd have a num-ber! If

If looks could kill...! I'd make my will! My days'd have a num-ber!

Est. 8 P.G. 8

frowns could hurt... would give a safer slumber!

An iron shirt would give a safer slumber! If ev'ry sort of

Est. 8 P.G. 8

hostile thought could probe and tort-ure me, I'd grow quite soon a nice cocoon to give immu-ni-

Est. 8 P.G. 8

And if a curse could wound or worse? I'd not be a suc-cumb-er!

Roco Allarg

Est. 8 P.G. 8

But since they won't... Why! blow me if I don't stay as cool as a cu-

Tempo

8

(leggiero)

cum - - ber should be!

Estillia: The Government wish to know what the word-vouchers will be written on.

P. Grey: Paper.

Estillia: Where from?

P. Grey: My memory-banks say there is a vast store of paper in the temple of Aplocklock.

Estillia: The temple has been closed for years.

P. Grey: The paper's there.

Estillia: I was a student-priestess there when I was a little girl.

P. Grey: What does that prove? You were a little girl. Now you're a lovely young woman. — What Aplocklock is missing!

Con Moto

Computer:

Truth Mark three re-vised call-ing. A choc'late bar has

entered my exhaust-basket! Instructions a-waited.

P. Grey: Reverse your exhaust. Suck not blow. Ingest, and analyse chocolate bar. File a report in the Imperial memory-banks. Spit out wrapper, if any!

computer:

Instructions re-ceived!

P. Grey: Next we'll be teaching that thing how to peel bananas!
However... as I was about to say:
V.S.

Allegretto P. Grey:

8 If looks could Kiss, I'd stand like this, and look at you a long time! If

8 songs ca-ressed, I'd sing with zest, and days and days of song-time. If smiles could send you

8 round the bend with endless friend-li-ness, I might begin by trying a grin e-vin-cing win-some-

Estrellia:

Est 8 Then kiss-es could not be withstood, and hearts'd beat a strong time!
P.G. 8 -ness! Then kiss-es could not be withstood, and heart's'd beat a strong time!

Poco Allarg

Est 8 But since they don't, or somehow can't or won't, there will never be a wrong time...
P.G. 8 or somehow can't or won't, there will never be a wrong time

Estrellia:
P. Grey:

Est 8 Kiss! [Enter Ladropundit.]

P. Grey: Ah, Ladropundit, No business today. I am declaring it a private Imperial holiday.

Moderato Ladropundit:

Your Majesty for give me for interrupting. What orders have you for your servicing crew? Your predecessor, he was serviced ev'ry day. May I therefore suggest: that an ap- pointment now is much o-... -ver-due! Your

(♩=♩) Ma più mosso P. Grey:

They'll do! They're filters and rotors, your energising motors,... Your calo-ri-fiers and subcutaneous wires,... Fine! Fine too! Your heat insu-lation, your autolubrication,... Your thinking connectors, your Di-vine! For there's no de-sign like mine! sensory de-tectors Re-markable!

4
4

Moderato. P. Grey:

I thank you Ladropundit for your suggestions. The services I need are luckily few, for I'm a better
model than my predecessor! So my maintenance is not a matter to detain us! Thank you!

Ladropundit: As you wish, your Majesty! [Exit Ladropundit]

P. Grey: Now where were we?

Estillia: I think your Majesty was making love to me.

P. Grey: Didn't you like it?

Estillia: It can't be part of your programme.

P. Grey: Indeed it can! A good big part of my programme.

Estillia: But I'm a woman, and you're a machine!

P. Grey: Women often marry machines and don't notice any difference.

Estillia: Name one!

P. Grey: That would be telling!

Estillia: But you have no genetic-code!

P. Grey: Yes I have, and a moral-code! And all of me is in clock-work order!

Tempo di Valse (♩ = 50)

Estillia:

That's just it! You are a beautiful jigsaw! made of intricate bits which all

fit But like many beautiful jigsaws, there's something your maker was forced to o-

Poco Rit Tempo

-mit. Still, you're a beautiful jigsaw, and my heart might go pit-patter-pit, -

Rit

if you were not an exquisite superficial exhibit, but had got that requisite "it"!

Tempo

Oh, yes, you are a beautiful jigsaw, but you have one missing bit!

(leggiere)

And though you're ap-pealing, your ev-e-ry feeling de-rives from ma-chine-con-trol!

I don't want to kiss you; you're not human tissue, and you have not got a soul!

P. Grey: Then try to sympathise with me. Think of yourself as a robot, too.... 78

L'istesso Tempo, ma un poco meno mosso

P. Grey:

like me! I am a beautiful jig-saw! That is something I frankly admit!

But talking of beautiful jigsaws, it's you are the jigsaw that scores the big

Rit. Tempo
hit! But life is a beautiful jigsaw, in which all of us are parts inter-knit!

Rit.
We mustn't be sa-ti-rical; let us be em-py-ri-cal; We may, by a mi-racle, fit!

to com-plete our life's beautiful jigsaw, - for you are my missing bit!

(leggiere)
An arm round a waist is suitably placed; to waste a good waist's a bad start!

And when fortune e- quips two faces with lips, it's silly to keep them a- part!

[At this point, ...]

[...Grey attempts to kiss Estillia. The "Homometer" alarm goes off, in intermittent shrill whistling as of a referee's whistle. Grey and Estillia are panic-stricken.]

Estillia: It's a plot to assassinate you!

(L'istesso tempo) Grey: Get into that alcove! Estillia: Alcove?! Grey: Both of us! It's a teleport machine!

pp bp. bp. bp. bp. bp.

(marcato) [Exeunt Grey & Estillia. Enter Tormandula and the Lady-Police-Fore]

Tormandula: Girls, follow me!
Good gracious!
The impostor has disappeared!
The cad!

L'istesso tempo

Tormandula:

Tor: I could swear that he was here! There's
Ch: CHORUS (unison): What chance of escape?

Tor: none! Ev'ry one look for guiding traces! Hunt him out, then.
Ch: CHORUS: Search in the likely hiding places! Hunt him out, then

Tor: none! Ev'ry one look for guiding traces! Hunt him out, then.
Ch: CHORUS: Search in the likely hiding places! Hunt him out, then

give a shout! we'll polish him off! a good job done!

give a shout! we'll polish him off! a good job done!

give a shout! we'll polish him off! a good job done!

give a shout! we'll polish him off! a good job done!

Tormandula : What is it , Sergeant Damaskina ?

Damaskina : There are chocolate-bars all down the corridor!

Tormandula : Chocolate-bars ?! What a mystery!

But we'll solve it , Girls !

L'istesso Tempo

For we're the cleverest Force we have, of course, there's no

For we're the cleverest Force we have, of course, there's no

For we're the cleverest Force we have, of course, there's no

For we're the cleverest Force we have, of course, there's no

other one!

other one!

other one!

other one!

END OF SCENE II

Scene IV

The subterranean temple of Aplochloch, a few seconds later. It is rather dark. Enormous pillars support the roof. Moisture drips here and there. A seemingly un-ending vista of the temple stretches into the distance. At one side is a free standing doorway of cromlech-like dimensions, the entry of a teleport-machine. In another place stands a palanquin or small pagoda-like structure. The flimsy swags and hanging drapes in this structure appear to be agitated by a localised breeze, - very gentle. Everywhere else is still save for the occasional noise of drips. Philip Grey and Estillia enter from the teleport-machine.



P. Grey: Well, we've arrived somewhere! Lucky that teleport-machine was working!

Estillia: It's very dark here!

P. Grey: Do you recognise this place?

Estillia: Good heavens! It's the temple of Aplocklock!

P. Grey: No sign of the chief priest.

Estillia: He's in suspended entity.

P. Grey: Well, that explains it! How do we get him unsuspended?

Estillia: There used to be a word of recall.

P. Grey: Would it be something the enemy wouldn't think of, yet relatively simple?

Estillia: Yes.

P. Grey: Like "bread and butter"?

Estillia: No.

P. Grey: Or "How's your father"?

Estillia: No.

P. Grey: Well, what was the biggest thing in his life?

Estillia: His blindness.

P. Grey: I suppose he saw a goddess in her bath!

Estillia: How did you guess?!

P. Grey: An old-world cliché: cleanliness is next to godliness.

Estillia: Actually, ~~it~~ it was an ancestor of his that saw the goddess in her bath.

P. Grey: The only bath I've seen on this planet is in the palace.

Estillia: Pallas! That's it! Lustra Pallados! V.S.

Largo (♩ = 90)

83

Estillia: *mf* Lustra Pallados —! Lustra Pallados! Lustra Pallados! *cresc* *f marcato*

P. Grey: *mf* Lustra Pallados —! *f* Lustra Pallados! *f* Lustra Pallados! *Tressius:* *p.* Ah

Lus-tra Pallados —! Lustra Pallados —! Lus-tra Pallados —!

Lustra Pallados —! Lus-tra Pallados —!

mp Ah!

Tressius is the light of the temple.

It's growing light!

He's materialising.

[Tressius materialise]

con

Tressius: My children, why do you call me from my deep sleep?

Estillia: We come for sanctuary, Tressius. This is the Robot-Emperor, and he is in danger.

Tressius: Robot, my dear? This is no robot! He is Philip Grey, a young man from a distant planet they call Earth.

P. Grey: I'm afraid I am!

Estillia: Not a robot?!

P. Grey: No, just a chap!

V.S.

Valse. Tressius:

Oh Ap- lochloch, your word has come true! An Emperor from a distant star, to save our people!

Life is a beautiful jigsaw whose completion re- veals Holy Writ.

Estilica:

Life is a beauti-ful jigsaw! And we're all a missing bit!

Tressius: Beware! An intruder!

P.Grey: It's Ladropundit! How the deuce did he find us?!

[Enter Ladropundit from Teleport-machine]

Moderato (♩=80)

Your Majesty, the space-ship is now in orbit, which brings the ministerial visitors here.

It is my duty to go up in the ferry to meet them. Has your Majesty any special

P. Grey:

Yes, this: Pray give them my regrets I'm not there! Thank you, Ladropundit.

message?

Largo (♩ = 90)

Estillia:

Ladropundit:

Tressius:

Ladropundit?! That's Karralampo, my old porter!

Porter?! Hush! Karralampo! Karralampo!

mf Im

Ladro... Ladro... Karralampo! Karralampo! (The special circuit's warming!) Maister! Maister! key

Estillia: (aside to Grey)

Mulster domny! Servus akoooh! What are they saying? Master?

shprait? Ikh kirrio deeto! P. Grey: It's old Earth lingo! He says he's his master!

Ladropundit:

Tressius:

Creydo... Eeni vumarnos! He thinks he's human! Meekanism!

Quod prograaffiert? Hoth-ee? Hoth-ee? Nix esty?

P. Grey: 3-7 3

Noro! Mo-porth! Hesa mechanism programmed by Mo-porth!

Voss fewir-pragma? Key estelta? Mo-porth?!

Estillia: 3 3

Mo-porth?! The high priest of Ergol, the terror of Abstomahl!

Tressius: 3

Ins boosen Aplochlocks!

Moderato (♩=80) *Ladropundit:*

(Tressius:) Your Majesty will please to remember that he is giving dinner to the hon'able That releases him!

P. Grey: 3-7 3

A suit-able col-lation is a-waiting them, before they proceed to ascertain guests.

P. Grey:

that all is ready for the start of their tests

Ladropundit: I go, your Majesty.

[Exit Ladropundit through Teleport-machine]

Estillia: But how did you know Ladropundit is a robot?

Tressius: I made him myself. He's a time-machine, really.

P. Grey: Time-machine?

Tressius: Essential for archaeological research. Digging is so unrealistic. It is simpler to send a portering machine back to the required period with instructions to collect some object, and he brings it back! That explains why our museum has specimens in such good condition! Most of them were new!

P. Grey: But Ladropundit has been re-programmed.

Tressius: But he doesn't know the purpose. The Abstomahlans stole him from this temple. And where Mo-porta, priest of Ergol, is concerned, — the hand of purpose stirs the pudding of evil. I shall find out Mo-porta's purpose.

P. Grey: How?

Tressius: By entering his mind.

P. Grey: Won't he resist?

Tressius: Yes. It will be a hard battle, for he can harness his whole divinity school; while I have only you two.

Estillia: What can we do?

Tressius: Lend me strength. Give me your hands now, and keep your mental guard up, lest you be possessed. Are you ready?

Modorik:

Handwritten musical score for 'Modorik'. The score is written on a grand staff with two systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second system has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'ff Out! Out! Out, you spy-ing fox! You'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

sempre quasi animando

Tressius:
He snarls at me! Come! Let us meet in friendliness.
devil! Now begone! Ah!

Think of our priesthood, our school days together
School! School! You were no friend of mine! He strikes at me! He

P. Grey:
Keep your guard up and strike back!
strikes at me! What of the slide-rule you got on your birth-day? I

Estillia:
P. Grey:
Who gave it to you? Ah! He strikes in the cortex!
needed one! Ah! Ah!

Tressius:
Got him in the lobe! Well done! Who sat beside you and lent you a text?
Moporth:

sempre animando

Handwritten musical score for "The Song of the Lark" by Robert Schumann, Op. 41, No. 4. The score is written on four systems of staves. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "You never did! sat alone! Who earned my en-ry by be-ing so bright? Whose condescension dis-"

Quasi Un poco Allarg.

Estrellia:

P. Grey:

Tressius:

Mo:

CHORUS

Not mine!

Ah!

I am here

seeds of great hatred

planted long ago

bring you to total annihilation

bring you to total annihilation

Handwritten musical score for "The Crucifixion" featuring Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass voices, and a Piano accompaniment. The score is in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics in English. The lyrics describe the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, including the words "Our strength is ebbing", "He staggers!", "Pain! Pain! Piercing Pain!", and "Torture!".

Vocal Parts:

- Soprano (S):** Ah! cru- - - - el! Our strength is ebbing. Ha! He staggers! Beware!
- Alto (A):** Ah! cru- - - - el! Our strength is ebbing. Ha! He staggers! Beware!
- Tenor (T):** Forget the poison! Let wounds be healed! Pain! Pain! Piercing Pain! Torture!
- Bass (B):** Bear bitter fruit, the fruit of death! Oh! Pain! Pain! Torture! Torture!

Piano Accompaniment:

- Left Hand (LH): Accompanies the vocal parts with chords and single notes.
- Right Hand (RH): Accompanies the vocal parts with chords and single notes.

Moporth! Enough! Enough! We've done! Keep your guard up and retreat! I
 Tressius! You shall be damned! Curses upon you!
 Ah! Ah!
 know enough! And horrible it is!

Tressius: A narrow escape!

P. Grey: Did we win?

Tressius: We found the truth.

Estillia: What is it?

Tressius: A wicked plot! Moporth has reprogrammed Karralampo, - Ladropundit, - as a time-missile.

Estillia: A time-missile?!

Tressius: He will reach the space-ship, then go back through time to when the ship was in deep sub-space, - and explode!

P. Grey: But all the ministers!?

Tressius: The ship, Ladropundit and all the ministers will be eliminated. Moporth will seize supreme power in Abstomahl. That is his plan.

Estillia: We must save the ministers!

P. Grey: Too late! Ladropundit has gone up in the ferry. He will be there already!

Estillia: But we must do something.

Tressius: We must. For there will be war.

END OF SCENE IV

Scene V

The river-side esplanade some seconds later. The Didan populace are discovered running about in perplexity.

The crew of the space-ship, at leisure round the entry-port of the ship, watch them with disdain.

CHORUS *p* What was that explosion? What is happening in the

sky? It looks as if a ship has caught a light! Is it demotivation? Or is it a collision? Or

just a flaming me-teor-ite? Now it has disintegrated into little bits, a tiny cloud of particles of

dust! All official explanation will give no information! Perhaps it's an invasion gone bust! But if

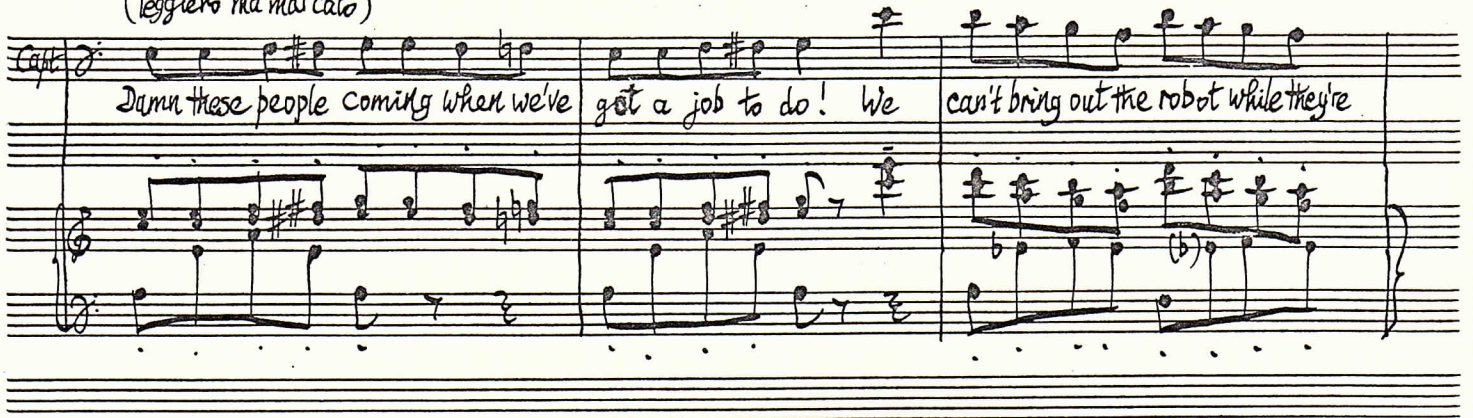
[from Ship's Enter The Captain of Spaceship, Harbalom, and Vippimo]

something has been happening up in space!, We should like to know what's taken place!

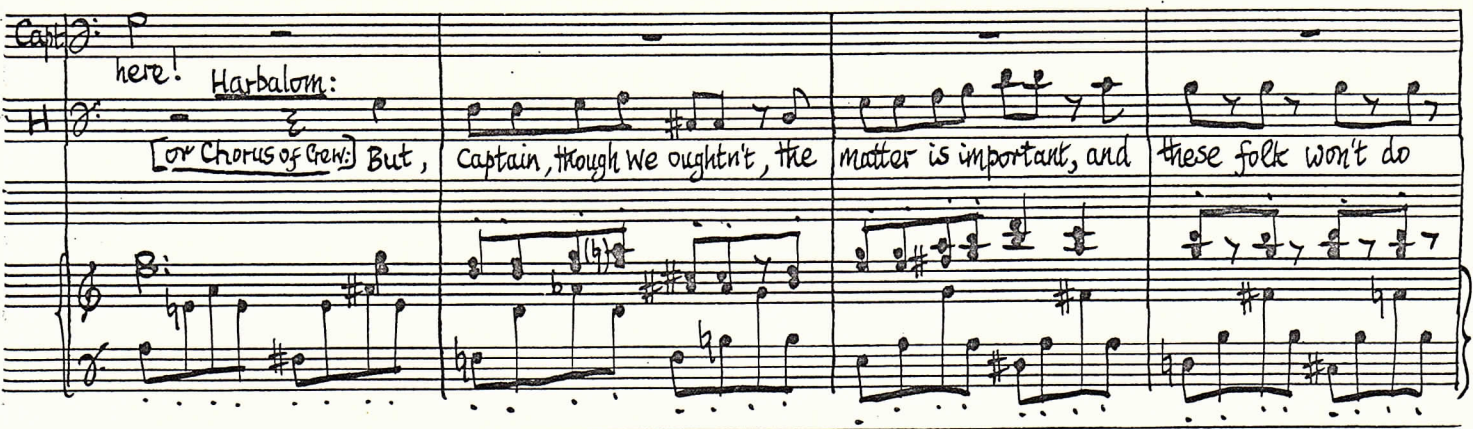
V.S.

Captain:
(leggiere ma marcato)

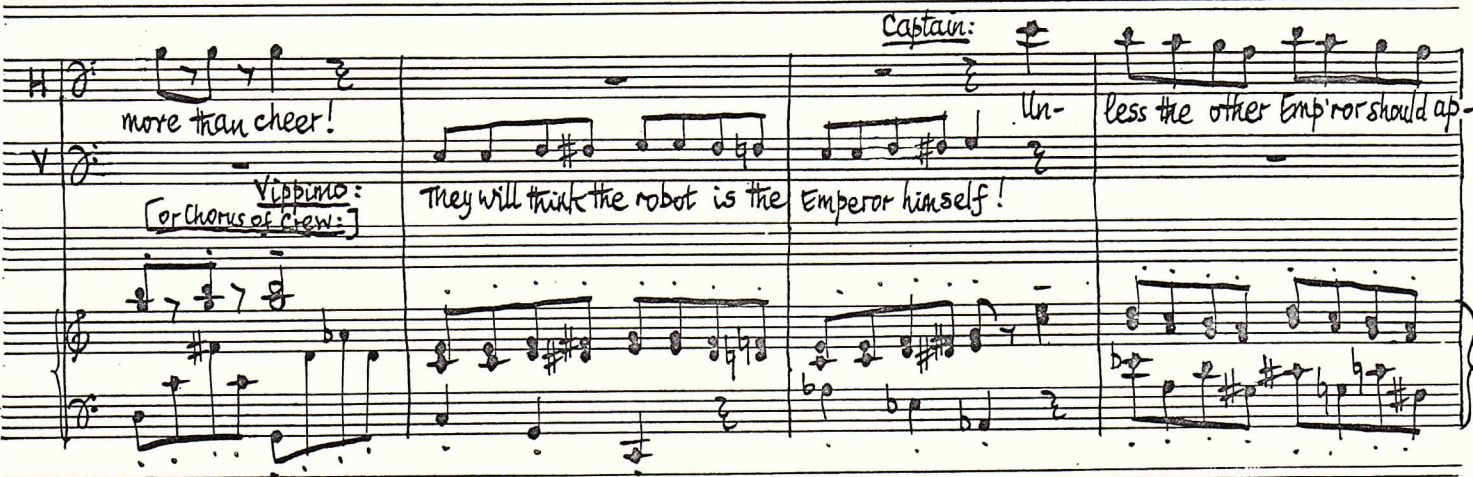
Captain: *p*
Damn these people coming when we've got a job to do! We can't bring out the robot while they're



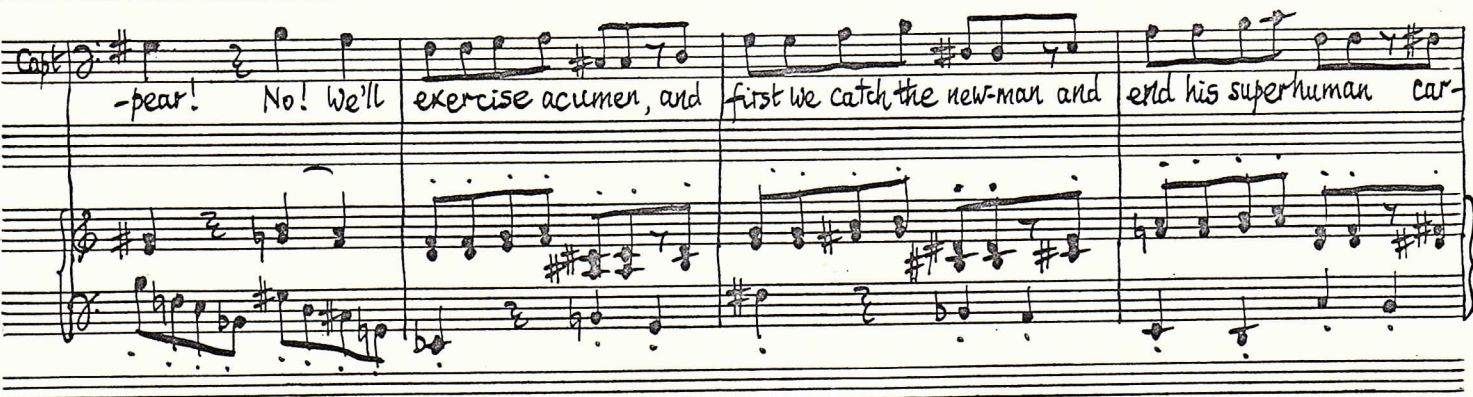
Captain: *p* here! Harbalom:
[or Chorus of Crew:] But, Captain, though we oughtn't, the matter is important, and these folk won't do



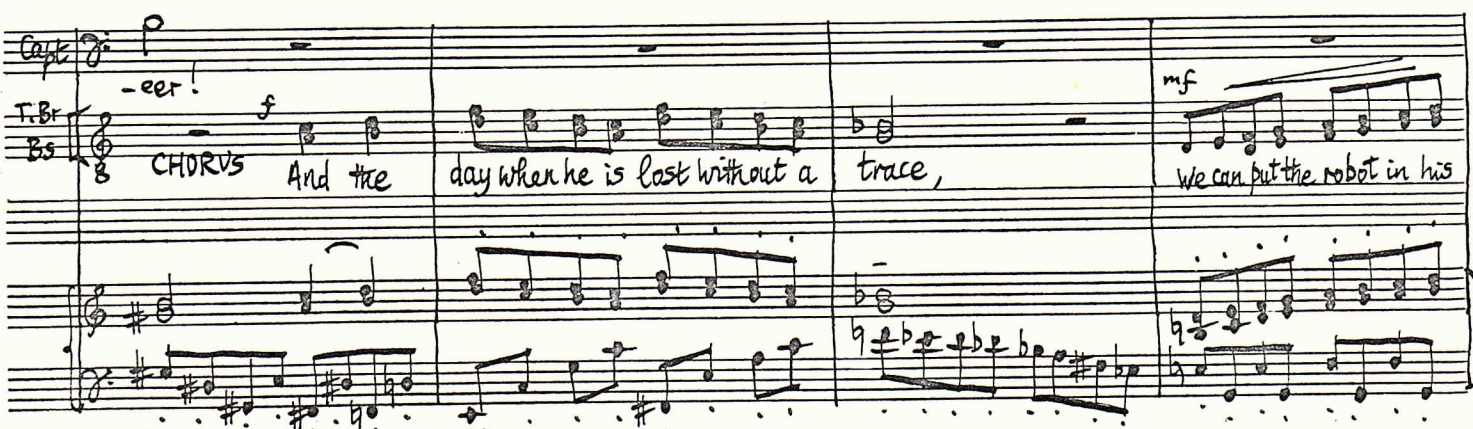
more than cheer! Captain: *p* Un- less the other Emperor should ap-
Vibiano:
[or Chorus of Crew:] They will think the robot is the Emperor himself!



Captain: *p* -pear! No! We'll exercise acumen, and first we catch the new-man and end his superhuman car-



Captain: *p* -eer! *f*
T.Br.
Bs. CHORUS And the day when he is lost without a trace, *mf*
We can put the robot in his



Chorus *f* place!
V.S.



Meno Mosso
Captain (shouting):

Moderato
Tormandula:

96

ave. *Get that inferno out before the ship explodes!* *Bring the impostor out!*

so all can see What the reward of treason can be! *captain: Madam! Absko-mahl will*

[The robot is brought out of the ship]

Tormandula: Now girls, seize the lot who were party to the plot!

make your people pay for the folly done today!

Chorus *[The Lady-Police arrest Captain and crew]*

see the Emp'ror! A blazing corpse! Ah! he bursts a-part! He's melting! What can it

see the Emp'ror! A blazing corpse! Ah! he bursts a-part! He's melting! What can it

Allegro Moderato

mean? Look at his innards! He's a machine! There has been a deep deception!

mean? Look at his innards! He's a machine! There has been a deep deception!

ave *sempre cresc* *con B*

Why did no one know? Our government is certainly to blame! How shall we repay them? We'll

go at once and slay them! And blood will seal the scar of shame! Blood! Blood!

go at once and slay them! And blood will seal the scar of shame! Blood! Blood!

[Enter Tressius, followed by Estilia and Philip Grey]

Tressius Stay!

Blood! Blood! Blood! (Shouts and menaces)

(low-pitched threatening growls)

mp It is Tressius!

mp It is Tressius!

Tressius: People of Didanus, your eyes are open. We have been duped. This Emperor was but a robot. I bring you your true Emperor, a human Emperor, and - your liberator.

Moderato

f Long live the Emperor!

f Long live the Emperor!

f Long live the Emperor!

f Long live the Emperor!

[Enter Thrifar and Castimo, agitated]

Thrifar: Your Majesty! Your Majesty! The ministerial space-ship has completely disappeared! And the computer has reported a rain of blood in all the western areas!

P. Grey: Good for the flowers!

Castino: But it has drowned nearly all the sheep and goats.

P. Grey: Even better for the flowers!

Estillia: Your Majesty has no guests for dinner tonight.
May I suggest you appoint a war-cabinet
and invite them?

[Enter Greddinimba and Frortinkin]

Greddinimba: Did someone mention an invitation?

Frortinkin: I think so, - either to a dinner or a war.

Greddinimba: Wars are over so quickly nowadays. I shall
prefer the dinner.

Frortinkin (seeing remains of robot): And whose are these
smouldering remains?

Tormandula: Mine!

Greddinimba: But, Tormandula! You are too solid to be a
ghost!

Tormandula: No, it's a robot-emperor. Liquidated while
about to resist arrest!

Greddinimba: Then who is this young machine here?

P. Grey: I seem to be your Emperor, but I am a human,...

Alla Siciliana

P. Grey:

and.. the place of my birth is a planet called Earth. There's no place like home, you'll agree! So I'd
like to take ship, and get home from this trip, and by taking Estillia with me, make my home what a home ought to be!

V.S.

Tressius:

Fate looms darker on your home planet than it does anywhere else

far or near. And casting about through my mind, I assure you, if you return, you

P. Grey:

I'll persevere! will find nothing for you. Ab-sto-mahl has more suc-

-cess on your planet than it ever enjoyed with us here. Their agents lurk on it,

And for some time they've been at work on it! I warn you that your race

Won't be there!

P. Grey: The agents of Abstomahl are already on Earth?!

Tressius: For many years. Did you not know?

P. Grey: Poor Earth! My little home! I shall never see it again.

V.S.

Philip Grey:

P.G.

Allarg



Tempo

Handwritten musical score for the first system. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are "The spring will come!". The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part includes chords and arpeggiated figures.

L'istesso Tempo

Estillia:

Handwritten musical score for the second system. It includes a vocal line with lyrics "You must stay and help us." and "You will bring us our springtime." and a piano accompaniment. The key signature changes to one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some arpeggios.

Tempo di Valse, ma moderato.

Handwritten musical score for the third system. It includes a vocal line with lyrics "You will find, there is also a pic-ture!" and "Life is a beautiful jigsaw, and the". The piano accompaniment features a waltz-like rhythm. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 3/4. There are some triplets and arpeggiated figures in the piano part.

Handwritten musical score for the fourth system. It includes a vocal line with lyrics "maker makes all parts to fit." and "But like ev'ry beautiful jigsaw, the". The piano accompaniment continues the waltz-like rhythm. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 3/4.

Rit Tempo

Handwritten musical score for the fifth system. It includes a vocal line with lyrics "puzzle's com-pletion needs patience and grit." and "Life is a beautiful jigsaw,". The piano accompaniment features a waltz-like rhythm. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 3/4. The system ends with a double bar line.

and a man requires all of his wit. The picture will increase till his labours nearly cease, for he only needs one piece, and that's it!

Tempo *Rit* *Greddivimba:* *Tressius:* *Piu* *Lento*

our world's a beautiful jigsaw, And you are our missing bit!
 our world's a beautiful jigsaw, And you are our missing bit!
 And you are our missing bit!
 And you are our missing bit!
 And you are our missing bit!

P. Grey (somewhat sadly): There seems no alternative.

Tressius: Take heart, your Majesty!

P. Grey: What heart?

Tressius: Take all our hearts!

P. Grey (cheering up): I will!

Estillia: And mine.

P. Grey: Estillia!

Tressius: Bless you, my children!

[Enter Sergeant Damaskina]

Tormandula: What is it, Sergeant Damaskina?

Damaskina: Mrs Mar!

Tormandula: She's broken parole again?!

Damaskina: Yes!

Tormandula: She'll soon reach the end of our tether!

Damaskina: She has! She's eaten it!

P. Grey: We pronounce an imperial pardon for all our subjects.

Tressius: Even so may the mercy of Aplockloch be upon us.

Maestoso

Tressius:

God then give us strength to meet our destiny, to
brave the thunderclouds that loom! Rest our faith in
CHORUS, lips slightly apart, teeth closed. Ah (sostenuto)
Ah (sostenuto)
Ah (sostenuto)
Ah (sostenuto)
His loving-kindness, pray that He be with us at our hour of doom!
Ah - pray that He be with us at our hour of doom!
Ah - pray that He be with us at our hour of doom!
Ah - pray that He be with us at our hour of doom!

Handwritten musical score for "The Way of the Cross". The score is written for three vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are:

Now, while a time re-mains of our life, We may strive to reach our goal;
 Now, while a time re-mains of our life, We may strive to reach our goal;
 Now while a time re-mains of our life, We may climb and reach, the top of our life.

The score includes a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line with many sharps and naturals, suggesting a complex harmonic structure.

Handwritten musical score for a piece titled "Aplechlock!". The score is written on multiple staves and includes the following elements:

- Vocal Parts:**
 - T (Tenor):** Lyrics: "and Thy love".
 - Br (Baritone):** Lyrics: "and Thy love".
 - Bs (Bass):** Lyrics: "and Thy love".
- Piano Accompaniment:**
 - Left hand: Features a melodic line with a trill-like figure and a bass line with a similar figure.
 - Right hand: Features a complex, rhythmic pattern with many beamed notes.
- Drum Part:**
 - Written on a single staff with a treble clef.
 - Includes a series of "X" marks representing hits or snare sounds.
 - Lyrics: "Aplechlock! Aplechlock! Aplechlock!" are written below the drum staff.
- Tempo and Performance Markings:**
 - Rit** (Ritardando) at the beginning.
 - Tempo** (Allegretto) in the middle section.
 - Poco Rit** (Poco Ritardando) at the end.
- Other Markings:**
 - Handwritten notes like "8ve" and "4p" are present.
 - Various musical symbols like clefs, notes, rests, and accidentals are used throughout.

Handwritten musical score for "THE END". The score is written on a system of five staves. The top three staves are for vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor) and the bottom two are for piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 3/8. The tempo is marked "Tempo". The lyrics "light!" are written under the vocal staves. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The score concludes with a double bar line and the words "THE END". The date "29. 3. VI. 65" is written at the bottom right.